

7

7/6

A N

HEROIC EPISTLE.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

*Recorded Honor shall gather round
his Monument & thicken over him—*

Jefferson
17

.....

A N

HEROIC EPIC

.....

[Title One]

A N
HEROIC EPISTLE

T O

A GREAT ORATOR.

t. Jephson

*A muse, whose highest Prospects cannot rise
To wrap up Butler, or protect mince Pies—*



*Oh mighty Genius, sleep, for ever sleep
While Bullets popper on thy eyelid's deep
In Fancy feed the vast sapacious Lewn
Let thy antimonsterial Brown*

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, the Corner of Hanover-Street,
Hanover-Square.

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Walsh fund

HEROIC

TO

A GREAT ORATOR

L O N D O N

THOMAS A. T. HOOKHAM, the General of the House of Commons

Printed by

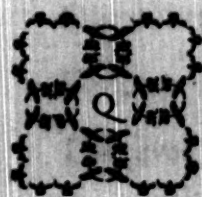
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HEROIC EPISTLE

A GREAT ORATOR.



QUIXOTE in grain! whose Patriotic rage
Bursts thro' the bonds of flannel, gout, and age!
Eccentric Meteor rapid, fierce, and bright,
Who fill'st our hemisphere with awe and light!
Pardon a Muse, that wou'd thy praise rehearse,
And with thy Name immortalize her verse;
A Muse, whose highest prospects scarce cou'd rise
To wrap up butter, or protect mince-pies;

B

A

A suckling Muse, who never dar'd, before,
On Rosinante Pegasus to soar.

10

The frisky beast has too much mettled pride
For puny Bards who never learnt to ride:

Yet, shou'd the hobby kick with restive ire,
And lay the Poet sprawling in the mire;

Your Name's a Talisman to charm his pain,

15

Ease his poor bones, and set him up again.

Such is the great good nature of the Town,

Nothing but panegyric will go down;

Such are the times, that the too modest press

Is troubled with an awkward bashfulness.

20

Some years ago, when scandal bore a price,

Printers were not so scrupulously nice:

Meals upon meals were got by tête-à-têtes;

Lyes, blasphemy, and bawdy, brought estates.

Nor can we wonder at the sudden change,

25

However unaccountable and strange,

Since modest Merit meets with such support

Amongst Her titled devotees at Court;

Since

Since Faith and Honor at the helm preside,
 And all the Virtues shine personify'd. 30
 Candor finds friends in office,—kisses hands
 With Stars and Pensions, Garters and white Wands ;
 Integrity's in place—and, what is more,
 Oeconomy directs the public store ;
 Humility, that shows perfection brighter, 35
 And dove-eyed Charity, assume the mitre ;
 Mercy, and Truth, and Expedition, stand
 Like three male tie-wigg'd Graces, hand in hand ;
 And Justice, once a mercenary wench,
 Now sleeps a good old woman on the bench. 40
 Oh thou ! of Britain Patriot in vogue,
 Beacon of State, imperious demagogue !
 O ! ever watchful over our repose !
 Still blind our eyes, and lead us by the nose,
 Left we to understanding make pretence, 45
 Trick'd (Lord knows how) into a flash of sense.
 Or, if a Minister shou'd chance to wake,
 And benefit the Nation—by mistake ;

Oh! step between, for the *offence* atone;
 Hold up some curious nostrum of thy own;
 And show the silly fellow that our ease
 Is best secur'd—by murdering our peace.
 For sooner B— shall learn to hold his tongue,
 Or M—— scruple about right and wrong;
 F—x act from principle, forego the dice,
 And by example charm the world from vice;
 Or W——ne, unfluenc'd by self,
 For once be grateful, and forget himself;
 Or Malagrida, spite of education,
 Shake off St. Omer's, and dissimulation,
 Than shall another, such as you, be found,
 Equally skill'd to—bully and confound.

Pity such useful talents shou'd be lost!
 Alas, a Patriot's is a dangerous post!
 Pity it is that obstinate mankind
 Shou'd to their int'rest be so very blind!

The

The fault's your own—why will you thus conceal
 Your toils and labours for the Commonweal?
 Your sentiments are too refin'd, too chaste,
 To suit a factious people's vulgar taste. 70
 Point out your excellence—don't fear to show it—
 Be at some little pains to let them know it:
 For your great Modesty leaves all a doubt;
 Nor can they to this instant find it out:
 For in the chafest, and the best of times, 75
 Will Worth and Virtue be imputed crimes.
 Envy in vain her utmost spite displays,
 For Envy is involuntary praise.

How can the rancour of the World agree
 To blast your fame with *inconsistency*; 80
 When *one consistent* act of thine wou'd give
 The bare-faced calumny a chance to live?
 Acting against all principle you're painted,
 Tho' you and principle were ne'er acquainted:

Nay,

Nay, to the list *Hypocrisy* they join, 85
 Absurdly taking *Habit* for *Design*.
 But, to refute the charge, I only ask,
 Can he be said to act behind a mask,
 Whose studied life is so *well known* to be
 One series of *profest hypocrisy*? 90
 Ungrateful land! in such a champion *blest*,
 Hush'd shou'd your fears be, undisturb'd your rest.
 But all his hopes your factious whims destroy,
 Unworthy of the *Jewel* ye enjoy.
 Great Soul, he scorns by vulgar springs to move 95
 Your gratitude, your confidence, and love:
 "No common object to your sight displays,"
 But such as will both *puzzle* and *amaze*;
 A *Riddle*, far above the reach of man,
 Or his confin'd abilities to scan; 100
 A *Punchinello* in the *farce* of State,
Prince of the piece, and *cock* of the debate.
 When Taycho gives the *little senate* laws,
 What British bosom can deny applause?

When

When Taycho writes prescriptions for the Nation, 105

Who can oppose the *mild* evacuation?

Who but impatient to be scour'd with clysters,

Proud of emetics, caustics, sears, and blisters?

Who marks his eye, and does not catch his air?

Who hears him speak, and does not—gape and stare? 110

In force of *Argument*, no mortal greater;

The very counterpart of——Swift's Lord Peter.

Compar'd with him, Pindaric fire is *cool*,

Tully's a dunce, Demosthenes a fool.

Like fairy palaces, in tales of old, 115

Glitt'ring with *nothing else* but gems and gold,

Taycho exerts his oratorical pow'rs,

All tropes and figures, metaphors and flow'rs;

Prose upon stilts, with giant Consequence

Bestriding martyr'd Decency and Sense, 120

He brings great Rogues, and little, on a level,

And with distinctions plays the very devil;

Seasons his speeches up, for gen'ral use,

With all the salt of personal abuse;

Browbeats

Browbeats all sentiment, defies decorum, 125
 Tickles our ears, and carries all before him :
 For ev'ry villain's satisfy'd to see
 His neighbour prov'd as infamous as he ;
 Nor less enjoys the demi-virtuous elf
 To blast an op'ner scoundrel than himself : 130
 He turns up his *chaste* eyes tow'rd's heav'n again,
 And hugs himself, he's not like other men.
 Ye unborn Doctors ! Covent-Garden Sages !
 Hide your diminish'd heads, and quit your stages :
 The Arch-quack Taycho, with superior blaze, 135
 Obscures the lustre of your little rays :
 He brooks no rival Brother, great or small,
 But, like the rod of Moses, swallows all :
 Your Nostrums can but little—his do wonders—
 Volatile essence of bulls, puffs, and blunders ; 140
 Treason precipitate—a grand specific,
 Of sov'reign virtue, as a soporific
 To lull a Monarch's ever-aching breast,
 And soothe a jealous people into rest.

Great

Great Will-o'-Whisp! with thy fantastic light 145
 Still dance before us, and confound our sight!
 Wrap up our understanding in a cloud,
 Bray in our ears, and shake your rattle loud:
 Legion shall answer with its hundred throats;
 America shall echo back the notes: 150
 The blest contagion by the *godly* felt,
 The crust of their hypocrisy shall melt;
 And for an instant ev'ry Babe of Grace
 Relax his features, lay aside grimace,
 And with the Oil of Gladness grease his face. 155
 I (tho' no Saint) have caught the gen'rous flame,
 And, while I publish, emulate thy fame.
 I see thy form by Fancy's pencil drawn,
Collar of Antiministerial Brawn!
 I see thee still! I mark thy flannel'd pride— 160
 A Patriotic Mummy, ready dry'd:
 My wild-fire soul is kindled by a touch,
 And grasps at an imaginary crutch:

I feel the Patriot in my bosom rage,
 But want the *requisites* of gout and age: 165
 I see thee dauntless frown—and, as I gaze,
 Assume the Taycho, and “new bronze my face.”
 My ravish’d Muse, in transports sympathetic,
 Disdains all medium, and becomes prophetic:
 Like those twin stars that lately blaz’d so high, 170
 Castor and Pollux of an Eastern sky;
 Call’d by the *Gods, Soubah* and *Wafful-Beg*;
 By *Mortals, M—rr—f—n*, and *Woeful Peg*.

Haply

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 172.]—Call’d by the Gods, Soubah, &c.

“Οὐ Βριαρεῶν καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ τι πάντες
 Ἀργαίων.

Whom Gods Briareus, Men Argon name.

Hom. Iliad, Lib. i.

“Οὐ Ξάνθου καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκαίμανδρον.

Xanthus his Name, with those of heav’nly Birth;
 But call’d Scamander by the Sons of Earth.

Hom. Iliad, Lib. xx.

NOTES.

M—rr—f—n.]—His Excellency the Extraordinary Ambassador from the Great Mogul to the Court of G. B.

Wafful-Beg.]—A native of India, remarkable for a dismal formality of countenance; his Excellency’s *Chargé des Affaires*.

Haply some future *Partridge* may in thee
 Find a new treasure for Astrology ; 175
 For thou shalt shine (and may good luck betide us!)
 Between the *Bears* another *Julium sidus* :
 And to protect thy toes from change of Weathers,
Argo shall furnish *Tar*, and *Cygnus*, feathers :
 Lord of th'ascendent, thou shalt point thy horn 180
 For sucking Quacks and Patriots yet unborn,
 And, in the spacious Region of the Air,
 Follow thy trade of—building Castles there.

Bright Cynosure of these Augustan times,
 Accept this tribute of my humble Rhymes ! 185

Too often has th' unwilling Muse been made
 The servile engine of the flatt'rer's trade ;
 But Taycho's virtues are enough, *when known*,
 To vindicate my candor to the Town.

Yet,

Yet, if your Lordship's delicacy's such, I cannot but
You think my *love* has hurried me too much, I find a new trial
To your own bosom dauntless I appeal; and I shall not
Excuse the motives, Justice, Truth, and Zeal—
I cannot pass in silence, what I *feel*.

THE END